THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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HERE AND THERE.

Mme. Coquardeau était enceinte de cinq mois. M. Coquardeau, bon époux et bon père, promenait tous les jours Mme. Coquardeau dans Paris. Un jour, dans la rue de Rivoli, les yeux de l'épouse sont attirés magnétiquement par un écriteau suspendu à une porte-cochère. Elle s'arrête pour le contempler. M. Coquardeau veut s'en aller, madame veut rester.

"Je ne puis en détacher mes regards," dit-elle. "Vois-donc! C'est un pressentiment. Nous aurons un fils."

"Au fait, c'est possible! Viens-tu, ma bonne!"

"Non! Je veux cet écriteau, j'ai *envie* de cet écriteau, je le veux."

"Quelle idée bizarre!" dit M. Coquardeau. "Mais nous ne pouvons coucher ici, je vais le demander au concierge."

"Non, je l'ai. Sauvons-nous!" dit Mme. Coquardeau, emportant l'écriteau qu'elle vient d'enlever.

Pendant les quatres derniers mois de sa grossesse, Mme. Coquardeau ne perdit pas de vue l'écriteau bien aimé, qu'elle avait fait placer dans son alcôve. Elle est accouchée, il y a huit jours, d'une charmante petite fille, tout le portrait de son père; mais, ô prodige! mystère impénétrable de la nature, la petite Coquardeau porte, écrit très lisiblement sur le cœur :

Joli petit appartement de garçon à louer pour le terme.

Sir Rutherford Alcock, in bidding adieu to Prince Kung, was adressed by that functionary in these words: "Now you are going home, I wish you would take away with you your opium and missionaries."

It has been suggested that Baron Haussman, after his disgrace, should change his name to *Baissman*.

A Chicago, il y a quinze jours, une jeune et jolie Américaine plaidait elle-même son procès contre un monsieur qui refusait de l'épouser après le lui avoir promis; il offrait 200 dollars pour domages et intérêts. "Deux cents dollars!" s'écria la belle avec indignation, "deux cents dollars pour mon cœur brisé, mon âme opprimée, mes espérances détruites, toute ma vie empoisonnée! Allons donc! jamais. Donnez-en trois cents, et que ce soit une affaire faite."

A German astronomer says that we are soon to have another moon, and that it will be nearer the earth than our present satellite.

An example of a scrupulously honest testimonial may be given. The writer says:—"I have known Mr. —— for several years. I consider him eminently qualified for every post he seeks. His habits are convivial, if not regular. He possesses a fine voice. His taste in liquors is remarkable. He plays whist with singular steadiness. He knows as much about everything as most men. He is frequently sober and occasionally industrious." This testimonial can be parted with for a mere trifle, the holder of it never having had occasion to use it.

The literature of "spiritualism" (says an American paper) has received another, but private addition. Our English correspondent is enabled to lay an account of a new and curious work before our readers, Lord Dunraven having kindly given his permission. We are bound to say that the evidence now adduced leaves the whole controversy precisely where it was before—indeed, there is nothing remarkably new in the testimony of the present witnesses. As for the disappearance of brandy from a glass, it is a very common phenomenon in these parts. Great stress is laid upon the statement that Mr. Home is capable at certain times of sitting in the air. Everybody who has been in India has seen the same thing done by a poor juggler, without apparatus of any kind. Mr. Home darkens the room before he appears sitting on nothing, but the juggler of India walks into your garden, and suddenly appears six feet from the ground, sitting cross-legged, with nobody and nothing nearer to him than the grass. How does he do it? We cannot explain, any more than we can explain Mr. Home's achievements. But the Indian only professes to be a juggler, while supernatural powers or agencies are said to be instrumental in enabling Mr. Home to perform miracles.

The following note from a MS. volume of the 16th century on the *Manners of the Irish* proves that what has been called the latest development in ideas about tenant-right can at least boast a respectable antiquity:—"Lett them a farme—the grandfather, father, son, and they clayme it as their own; if not, they goe to rebellion." Tenure at will has always been the most popular tenure; but then it must be at the will of the tenant.

Michel Lévy frères conservent précieusement, dans leur archives, le premier traité fait par eux avec Victorien Sardou.

"Comment écrirai-je votre nom?" demanda l'employé, chargé de libeller la chose.

"Mettez. 'V. Sardou,'" répondit l'auteur des *Pattes de Mouches*.

Et le scribe docile écrivit, "Vessard Doux!"

Préanet, the French sculptor, has composed a tragedy, of which he resolutely refuses to make public more than a single line. *Ex uno disce omnes*:—

"Tout homme a dans son cœur un cochon qui sommeille."

Dialogue trop réaliste.

"As-tu réussi dans tes entreprises amoureuses?"

"Moi? Non; j'ai voulu faire du platonisme."

"Naïf ces femmes-là, mon cher; c'est absolument comme les œufs à la coque—il faut les laisser exposées peu de temps au feu; sans cela elles deviennent dures."

The following lines on Dr. Whewell, the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and whose extreme vanity was as well known as his profound scientific knowledge, are good, if not original:—

"He who through nebulous galaxies travelled,
And each mystery of science so neatly unravelled,
Found when he had got to the verge of infinity
That God's greatest work was—the Master of Trinity."

The Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck and her infant son are making satisfactory progress.

M. Victor Noir, the victim in the late "Affaire Buonaparte," was buried on Wednesday last. The unfortunate young man, who was but 22 years of age, was engaged to be married on the day preceding his death.

A rule which has been promulgated at Calcutta, that no uniforms are to be allowed at the Fancy Ball at Government House "except in cases of officers of 55 years and upwards," has called forth some remark. The subalterns rebel, but are consoled by the reflection that few of their seniors will proclaim their age, by appearing in uniform.

An Iowa editor acknowledges the receipt of Congressional documents in advance of the mail. The way it occurred was this:—A wolf chased the carrier about four miles. They want the Government to put on that route a number of able-bodied wolves to facilitate matters.

On Monday afternoon Baron Rothschild's staghounds met at Weedon-lodge at 12 o'clock. On attempting a very high fence, the horse ridden by Sir Henry Hoare caught his foot in the band which had been placed to keep the fence down, and the animal turned a complete somersault, throwing Sir Henry heavily. A number of gentlemen quickly went to his assistance, when he was found to be insensible, and was removed to the nearest railway station, and thence taken to his residence. Fortunately, Sir Henry escaped without any broken bones, but he sustained a very severe shaking.

At the Rolls' Chambers, on Wednesday, in the case of "Bubb v. Yelverton," a number of bills of costs against the late Marquis of Hastings were under the consideration of Mr. Church, the Chief Clerk. About a dozen bills of costs were brought forward, and the amount was represented to be about 8,000*l*. The Chief Clerk, who had sporting claims and other matters in the case before him, said he was under the impression that the claims for law costs amounted to 18,000*l*. On a question being raised how the debts were to be proved, it was stated that the bills must be taxed, and if a sixth were taken off the same rule would apply as in ordinary matters, and the parties themselves pay the expenses. The Chief Clerk undertook to settle the small bills, but the others he referred to be taxed, with an intimation that if a sixth were disallowed no expenses would be ordered.

Au bal de l'Opera:

"Toi, je te connais, tu prends la femme de tout le monde."

"Tu le rends justice, ma petite!"

The Court of Cassation has rejected Troppman's appeal.

Mr. Bright's speech at Birmingham on Tuesday night contained 6,770 words, and the entire report of the proceedings 9,006 words, or 4½ columns. The concluding portion was transmitted to London before 12.30 a.m. Owing to a very general impression that Mr. Bright would impart some information as to the Government's intentions with regard to the Irish Land Question, the applications for telegraphic reports, were unusually numerous, and the total quantity transmitted in various directions from Birmingham by the wires of the three telegraph companies amounted to 43 columns.

The "Star and Garter" has been destroyed by fire. The ending was appropriate enough for a star, but a garter should surely have been *pulled down*.

At a meeting of Mr. Odger's supporters last night, the following resolution was carried:—"That this meeting deeply laments the unfortunate expressions of opinion reported to have fallen yesterday from Mr. John Bright, M.P., in reference to the principle of the direct representation of labour in Parliament; and this meeting utterly denies that such opinion at all represents the feelings of the working classes, or the true liberal sentiments of the country."

The weather became less favourable for field sports on Wednesday in Norfolk, and some little snow fell; their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have thus far, however, been fortunate in the matter of weather since they commenced their present visit to Gunton Hall. On Thursday evening the Prince and Princess gave a ball. A distinguished circle is staying at Gunton, and next week several fresh visitors are expected. All the young family of the Prince and Princess are still there.

A curious reason is assigned for the absence of a fire-escape at Richmond. The vicar refused to allow the vestry to keep one in the churchyard because it was consecrated ground, and they do not seem to have been able to think of any other place to put it in.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Nice, January 11.

AT the present moment the Nice season is in full swing. From every country in Europe, and from many out of it, the "upper ten" flock in large quantities to a town which adds to a mild and equable climate, the attractions of Paris and Baden-Baden on a small scale. There is, no doubt, a considerable proportion of the visitors to Nice, who originally came with the intention of following that strict *régime* which doctors always tell us is indispensable for the recovery of health and strength, but I am inclined to think that those who were merely *malades imaginaires*, goaded to madness by the long string of amusements provided for the stranger, have taken up their beds and walk, or at least waltz, and drive, while those who, even in this sunny land, are compelled to live by rule, and avoid the night air and damp, find that Mentone yields them less temptation to break through the stern commands of their medical attendant. Mentone, too, has a climate far more even than Nice, for here the wind can be very treacherous, and the Promenade des Anglais may be crowded with impunity by all the *poitrinaires* in Europe at half-past three, while an hour or so later on the same day it is absolutely death to anyone who is not sound as a bell to be out of doors. At Mentone, on the contrary, you may reckon almost with certainty on being able to be out nine days in ten from sunrise to sunset. Of course, for the great body of visitors, the trifling changes in the state of the atmosphere, which are so important to others, possess no interest. They come to Nice to pass the winter there, partly because it has become the fashion, partly because a warm climate is preferable to a cold or a foggy one, but chiefly, perhaps, because the months of November, December, January, and the beginning of February are very dull in all the great European capitals. As Grimaldi used to say, or rather sing—

"London now is out of town;
Who in England tarries?"

but, to complete the stanza, slightly altered, all the world is *not* in Paris. Vienna is insupportable, and Berlin, always *morne*, like its officials, is at its worst. St. Petersburg is out of the question. So, it is little wonder that "southward the stream of fashion wends its way." I am not going to give you a list of the arrivals, for, in the first place, it would take up more space than you will allow me for the whole of my letter, and further, I have the fear of Jenkins before my eyes did I encroach on his undisputed prerogative. I may, however, mention that Baron Haussman, who, being "relieved of his functions" in Paris, should, if possible, be induced to come over and take the place of your classical Œdile Mr. Ayrton, is daily expected here, to recuperate after the unceasing toil of sixteen years, during which time he has succeeded in transforming Paris so completely, even if at a great price—a work which merited for him a more graceful recognition than the peremptory dismissal which the new Ministry accorded him. I suppose, however, he was considered a vestige of personal Government, and accordingly had to share the fate of that now entombed relic of the Man of December. I should say that he would not regret the loss of his post if he sees the works which are now in hand completed rapidly and successfully by his successor. If you would but give him five years in London, with *carte blanche* as to execution and price, what an enormous—and necessary—change he would make in its streets and palaces! It is also expected that the Empress of Russia will be shortly here for the rest of the winter. She is in very delicate health, and the climate of St. Petersburg is too inclement for her; and as her Imperial spouse is himself very indisposed, it is on the cards that he will accompany her. Nice, as you know, was the place where their eldest son, the late Cesarewitch, then *fiancé* to the sister of the Princess of Wales, died under such afflicting circumstances, and the touching ceremony of his burial must be fresh in the minds of many of your readers. His younger brother is now not only Cesarewitch, but the husband of his affianced bride, and few but his parents ever think of the young lad who gave such fair promise of becoming one of the most illustrious members of the House of Romanoff. Those whose business it is to know everything which is likely to take place, and a good deal more, affirm that if the Czar comes to Nice, the Emperor and the Empress of the French will come to meet him and render him that courteous welcome which Napoleon offers every Sovereign or Prince who makes a sojourn within his empire. In this event, we should, of course, have a supply *ad libitum* of those semi-official *fêtes* and representations which, if not so enjoyable and social as the less formal entertainments among friends who have the same status in society the one as the other, are at least the joy and delight of the bourgeois. I should, however, be inclined to think that if their Siberian Majesties honour us with their presence, ill-health being the cause of their visit, they would wish to live as quietly and as privately as is possible consistently with their rank. For the moment the theatres are in full swing, and, to say nothing of minor lights, we are honoured with the presence of the mighty *mæstro* Offenbach, accompanied by his great "creation," Her Serene Highness the Grand Duchess of Gérolstein. This *piquante* young lady, impersonated by Madame Schneider herself, made her bow to us last night at the Théâtre Francais. People never seem to tire of this piece, and though a Nice audience is not one likely to be very demonstrative in either sense, the *Grande Duchesse* was received with as much enthusiasm as if she were the real Sovereign of Savoy and the spectators her devoted subjects. Possibly, the extraordinary talent of Schneider in this particular *genre* of acting, which seems, if anything, to increase instead of diminish, is the way to account for it, for the piece itself is poor in the extreme, and the rest of the actors yesterday were even second-class. Schneider will, I hear, appear only once more here in this, her favourite, character. Generally speaking, they treat their clients very well at the two theatres here, and I could not help making the comparison between the acting here—as, indeed, in most French provincial towns—and in London. It is no exaggeration to affirm that nearly every theatre in France will hold its own against the pick of your theatres. You have, of course, some actors who are not to be excelled—perhaps equalled—in Paris itself, but take the general company of any theatres in London and compare it with that here at Marseilles, Bordeaux, or Nantes, and you will find the truth of my assertion. Nothing we have in France can equal the way in which you put a piece on the stage—costumes, scenery, and general stage property; but actors—you have next to none. In despite of the railway to Monaco and Mentone, the beauty of the drive along the mountain road still keeps the livery-stable keepers in employ. There is no more delightful excursion than on a fine day to leave Nice about one o'clock, when the serious business of *déjeûner* has been completed, and, in an open carriage, to creep up the heights of the mountain, which leads to the great highway, following the course of the stream which runs down the mountain side (and ultimately becomes that river about which correspondents always cut jokes as to the necessity of watering its bed nine months of the year to lay the dust) and feeds the gaze with as fair a panorama as ever your eyes lighted on. An hour and a-half's drive will bring you to Purlia, with its quaint village church and the remains of a Roman fortification. Here you look down the side of the mountain, and see Monaco on the ledge of rock which constitutes its "kingdom," appearing so close that you might throw a stone down into the Prince's palace, and perhaps annihilate his army, which consists of an elderly hero, who is supposed to be at once Field-Marshal, General, etc., and, on special occasions, "to help wait at table." I remember on the occasion of my first visit to Monaco, that, arriving at Purlia, and finding that there was a path down the mountain-side, I determined to take this short cut, as the carriage-road is a very circuitous one, being compelled to go round the bend of the mountain, making it an affair of at least an hour. Never again will I undergo the horrors of that campaign. Dressed for the evening—I was going to dine at Monaco and return to Nice—I commenced the descent. The further I went, the further off Monaco appeared to get, The path was composed of large boulders, and wound along the side of the mountain, so that for every yard I advanced I went back three. Evening began to close in and add to my difficulties by giving me no chance of escaping the precipices on either side, which seemed to get steeper the nearer I got to the base; and, to cut a long story short, it was only after two hours' hard walking, or rather tumbling and rolling down, that I arrived at the portals of the Hôtel de Paris, just an hour after my carriage had come in, and to find that my friends had dined without me, expecting that my body would have been discovered during the following day. May my fate act as a warning to anyone who may be tempted by the apparent ease of the route to make this real "pilgrim's progress."

Amongst the other amusements provided for the colony of strangers, I must not omit to mention the steeplechases which are to be held at the end of the month. There is a very large sum of added money, given by different bodies corporate and individuals, whilst the railway companies offer great facilities for the transportation of men and horses, so that we shall probably be favoured with the visit of those busy sportsmen who like to improve the shining hour, particularly as for the last few weeks they have had so few opportunities of following their vocation. The course is not, perhaps, all one could wish, but will bear favourable comparison with many English steeplechase courses, and the management is unexceptionable.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

PRIZE WORD NO. XII.—UNGUENT.

First—

Suggestion for an Advertisement.

The Chinese pigmy had a cancer.
To every doctor Chung went;
None of their remedies would answer—
In turn both tongue and lung went.
Then, by the merest chance, sir,
He tried a healing UUGUENT——

(Here follow name and address of inventor, which *must* be paid for.)

Upper Holloway. SALVE.

Second—

FROM A DISCONSOLATE WIDOWER.

I had a scolding wife,
Oh Lord, how fast her tongue went!
Our days were passed in strife;
She scolded till her lung went;
Then vainly tried to save her life
With potion, pill, and unguent.

TRIPLE HARP.

Third—

Her fingers were sparkling with rings,
Her tresses were glossy with unguent,
Her hand rapidly swept o'er the strings—
At a rate still more rapid her tongue went!

LIGHT GUITAR.

I slipped in stepping off the ladder,
And headlong from the topmost rung went;
I wasted to the merest "shadder,"
But soon got cured by pills and unguent.

VECTIS.

Mr. Augustus Clarence Brown
Invented a patent unguent,
And sent out circulars through the town;
And to buy it the old and young went.

It cured four blind men and an old deaf lord,
And a bootmaker whose left lung went,
And the fame of his patent was noised abroad,
The fame of his wonderful unguent.

A man playing hockey on the ice
Fell in a hole where the bung went,
And though nearly drowned they applied in a trice
This famous healing unguent.

C. F. R.

'Tis Christmas morn; both rich and poor
All passed within the church's door.
The happy now, with heart and voice,
Joined in the hymn, glad to rejoice;
And after they had sung, went
On their knees; and thus to those
Who sought a solace for their woes
It acted like an unguent.

CHOTA DUSSERA.

If you've an old sore you wish to conceal,
Or a shocking bad leg that will not heal,
Try Holloway's magnificent unguent.
Or should your bosom be bursting with rage
As the victim of an ignorant age,
Try the balsam of giving your tongue vent.
You pant in the East for oceans of beer,
Then at least you can drink without fear
That consumption must end as each bung went.
You dread the advent of grey-headed age,
Though powder's the fashion, and quite the rage,
More becoming than curls to a young gent.

LANCELOT.

To Mr. Truefitt Chang and Chung went,
Selected brushes, tooth and nail,
Together with each scent and unguent
Which lends distinction to the tail.

QUAK-QUAK.

I thought that I heard his voice without,
As I passed through the city that you know—
Of a man I may call both short and stout;
So unconscious I uttered, "By Juno!"

I listened, and thought that my friend Mr. B.
Would ne'er cease as his words from his tongue went,
And I ventured to state that the plebs would see
He was sent by his friends as an unguent.

DIOGENES.

Oh! sad the moan of many a "young gent,"
Who, his locks besmear'd with unguent,
Lisped and "hawed" with languid tongue, spent
His time companions flash among, lent
His name to "notes" he never "sung"—cent.
Per cent.!—like pop of bung, went
All his cash—his bosom, wrung, sent
Sighs in vain—"That I were hung, sent
Down to Hades!"—mourns the young gent.

ZENO.

The holy altar gleamed with gold,
And mists of incense overhung lent
A mystic halo, as they roll'd,
And sweetest breath the aisles among sent.

And white-robed boys, like cherubs fair,
When they the holy hymn had sung, went
Floating the dim aisle down, and there
Far echoes with their silver tongue rent.

Thro' golden gates ajar, the sound
Of bells most musically rung, faint
As seraph voices, swept around,
The Pope thro' gates wide open swung, went.

Before his presence (so 'tis said),
A thousand priests their garments flung; bent
Were a thousand knees; upon his head
Was priceless oil—the sacred unguent.

A "salve" said, and then a "pater noster,"
The Council formed; nay, aves sung, blent
With Pius' blessing, act as oil on water,
And on these Bishops as an unguent.

PIUS.

Sleeping in my chair I lay,
Weary with the care of day,
When cousin Kate came gliding in,
Tripping light to make no din,
Full of mischief and on fun bent,
Took a little box of unguent,
Heard me give a gentle snore,
Then smeared my trim moustaches o'er,
Left the room and never spoke,
But just looked back as I awoke,
Heard my curses, and so stunned, went
Off while I was d——g unguent;
But pardon soon she begged so nice
That I forgave and kissed her thrice.

PERO.

PRIZE WORD No. XIII.—STOMACH.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

PUCK.*

A FICTION based upon a fiction is almost more than the most rapacious imagination can digest. In Ouida'a last novel we have before us a wild romance, and the events, which are in themselves in the very highest degree improbable, are chronicled, we are invited to believe, by the pen of the most truthful, loyal, sympathetic of witnesses in the person of a small Maltese dog. It is his vicissitudes, adventures, observations, conclusions, friendships, and philosophies which we are called upon to pursue through three very thick and closely-written volumes. "Nobody," says this faithful autobiographer, "except Rosa Bonheur ever discerned that animals do not speak because they are endowed with a discretion far and away over that of blatant, bellowing, gossipping, garrulous man." And it is but fair to confess that these memoirs have more in them than most. They are neither too light nor too wearisome. There is heart in the book, and it will not be read without interest or without some sort of sympathy, although there is also much which it is useless to paint and not pleasant to read.

That unlimited sin and unlimited sorrow exist in the world, and that the most vicious are sometimes the most successful, is nothing but a truism, and there is but little amusement and less profit in dwelling upon the dark side of the picture. Avice Dare, Laura Pearl, Cléopâtre, and, finally, the Marchioness of Isla and Countess of Allanmore—the same coarse, cruel creature in all her different stages of vice and prosperity, with her "bronze hair," her "glittering, furtive, voluptuous, merciless eyes," her rapacity, her cleverness, her deadness to every kind of pity and remorse—may be something true to life, but it is not a life with which it is agreeable or necessary to have anything to do; and although the grimness of the story is in some degree softened and relieved by such characters as Madelon and Nellie the ballet-dancer, the chief figure in it is undoubtedly this woman, who is described as one "whose life is a war against all that lifts men out of hell, a scorpion who spits death upon every holy thing." The hero of the story is Vere Essendine, Viscount Beltran, one of the author's most favourite impersonations—"one of the old race—the old race, with all its reckless daring and its feudal insolence, and its courtly gentleness, and its imperious temper, and its loyal honour, and its simple religion of *noblesse oblige*, still alive under all the changes of manner and habit; the old race which is still, whatever be its faults and follies, what a mob will cower before, and a soldier will follow to the death, and a people will look to in its hours of action or of need, and a woman will choose before any other type of manhood to be beside her in any time of menace or of peril. He was not a very good man as the world counts goodness. He was indolent, he was contemptuous, he had very little respect for women, which, indeed, was, I think (says Puck), their own fault; he had the half-sad, half-slighting scepticism of the period, and he held that there was nothing on earth in the least worth making a fuss about. But he was always kind of heart, sincere in an unusual degree, just in action whenever he troubled himself to act, and of a very great delicacy and generosity towards those who needed his assistance. 'Lord? If that's a lord I wish the land was chuck full of lords,' said a brute of a bargeman once on a dark, misty night. There had been a collision on the Thames between his coal barge and a naptha-laden brig, and one man coming down from a yacht lying at anchor in safety had plunged amongst the crashing timbers and the blazing waters and fought with the hideousness of that double death until he brought out from the crushed and smoking cabin of the barge two little drowning children whom the river was choking and the flames were straining to devour in their sleep, brought them unhurt, golden, and white, and rosy amidst all that wreck and deluge."

That such a man should have ever been able to endure the debasing contact of such a woman as Laura Pearl is one of the mysteries which Puck accepts without hesitation, and requires us also to believe; but he lingers more tenderly over the sadder history of her successor, Gladys Gerant. Beltran, who is the proprietor of a fashionable theatre, the Coronet, taking pity upon a helpless, beautiful, and lonely child, finds in her the germs of extraordinary genius. He educates and places her in a career where she can continue to enjoy all the pleasures and luxuries which he has contrived she shall enjoy as the fruits of her own gifts. She is to redeem the taste of a corrupt age, and to rouse an abject age into comprehension under the compelling force of genius. "Breathed through her, shadowed forth by her, having in her all its vital yet spiritualised being, the vague dreams of the poet took life and became great. Interpreted by her voice, her eyes, her eloquence, her gestures, the shadowy fancy of the writer became a living creature, pure as the dew, generous as the sun, innocent as the blossom, grand as the tempest." "If you perfectly occupy the eyes of a London playgoer," says our cynical observer, "he will not resent because he will not note that you offend his ear with the dead languages of eloquence and sense. Perhaps he may regret that such fine grouping and charming 'sets' are not more worthily wedded to some punning doggrel; but he will not resent actively, though he will, doubtless, feel that he has scarcely had all he should have had for his money." Therefore was the play opened with a gorgeous festival scene, and Gladys herself was very beautiful, the success was perfect, and the triumph great. The great critic of the day "addressed her almost with emotion: 'You prove what none but fools—yet many fools—doubt,' he said to her. 'You prove that the public can no more refuse to obey the influence of genius than the tides can refuse to obey the laws of their flux and reflux.'" But although the art triumph was supposed to be complete, although "the pent-up emotions of the spectators found their vent in tumults of applause, and in thunders of homage, though the listless, ironical, surfeited, debased temper of the world of the day was enthralled and subdued by an incarnation so unlike itself, so far removed from its own narrowed passions and its own venal materialism, the artist's reign was but of short duration." The pitiless heroine re-appears upon the scene, and by a few words of mingled truth and falsehood destroys the peace of the unhappy and innocent Gladys. The end is full of tragedy and pain, and even the faithful Puck is constrained to confess that he has not the heart to dictate any more.

* *Puck: His Vicissitudes, Adventures, Observations, Conclusions, Friendships, and Philosophies.* Related by himself, and edited by Ouida, Author of *Strathmore*, &c.

WE have been favoured by one of the members with a sight of Hurlingham balance-sheet of their accounts to Christmas, 1869. The members have, indeed, cause to be pleased. Probably there is no club only formed two years ago that can show such a balance at their bankers—£1,712. Who could have believed that a club so young, with its rivals around it formed and flourishing, could do so well? Thanks, however, to its indefatigable manager, notwithstanding the annoyance and worries he suffered from some jealous members, the Club has been safely "landed," and is now one of the most charming outings out of London. The manager, without retiring from the management, now leaves the work in the hands of the Committee, and gracefully retires from the active management, giving the Club the benefit of his experience and work gratis. We hope sincerely he will not forget or retire from his bantling, but continue to watch over it, feeling sure that the lady part, at least, will grieve if they don't see his merry face welcoming them to Hurlingham. We hear they will have the Guard's band twice a week—Thursday and Saturday—throughout the season, and heaven knows what besides.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. McI. (Arbroath).—"Ye canna tak the breeks aff a Hielandman." You will get nothing out of the person you mention. He stands, as it were, *in (im)puris naturalibus.*

Cutter.—Not until she deserves it. If you had said Schooner we might have complied with your request.

Nice.—My Uncle is not entered for the Steeplechase.

Piscis.—We do not like the carping spirit in which you write. The authority you name is a good fisherman, and has had immense experience on the subject. You will find it difficult to knock him from his perch.

Vanessa.—The race is not always to the Swift.

Whisperer.—Sullivan's secret, like Rarey's and many another schoolmaster's, was probably the strap.

The Duke of Argyll.—He is also Earl Tichbourne and Baron Windmill.

Lex.—Trust deeds are, or rather were, deeds of trust. Of them it was sung:—

"Oh never by the tradesman just,
Shall it remembered be,
That I refused a deed of trust
To him who trusted me!"

They were not the same as letters of credit.

A Breeder.—The filly Asphyxia was by Filho da Puta out of Stays; her dam, Tightwaist by Ignoramus.

Vectis.—(1.) We shall be happy to receive anything of the kind. (2.) We are husbanding our resources.

PRIZE RHYMES.

Competition papers have been received from:—Robin, Lipsalve, Farmer F., Mater Dolorosa, Apollo, Anguintum, Cæsar.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870.

THE event of the week has not taken place within the precincts watched over by that grim cherub, the Registrar-General. We have had our excitements and our trials, no doubt. Duns have come and duns (after much bad language) have gone; and bills have run on for ever. The cab grievance and the working of the new Bankruptcy Act have each come in for a fair share of abuse, and Mr. Bright has been telegraphed from Birmingham in 43 columns. The Land Question of Ireland flags, and as to the Œcumenical Council, we know no more about it than we do of the Pope at Rome. Meanwhile, a terrible scene has been enacted in Paris which has overshadowed even the *affaire Troppmann*. The accounts of the tragedy enacted in the Rue D'Auteuil are so conflicting that it is impossible as yet to form anything like an accurate idea of the circumstances which led to M. Victor Noir's death. It is, however, but too evident that the violence of the Prince will recoil, most unjustly, upon the Emperor. The state of the Parisian mind has, I hear from those on the spot, not been in so inflammable a state for years. The *Parisine*, to make use of the newest substantive, was never more ready for explosion. M. Rochefort appears scarcely possessed of sufficient physical force to lead a revolution, having a tendency to "faint by the way;" but other and stronger hands will probably be ready to carry on the bad work. With the *Marseillaise* sold, as well as sung in the streets, what may not be dreaded?

I am not well up in the statutes relating to Sunday trading, but it strikes me they must have been framed in (even for Acts of Parliament) an unusually loose and partial manner. It would seem to a plain man that if any exception were to be made to the generally wholesome restrictions placed upon Sunday traffic, it should be in favour of the sale of articles of a perishable nature. Bread and meat are not improved, like '34 port, by keeping; and if poor people were permitted to purchase them, like milk or beer, during certain hours of the Sabbath, the recording angel would hardly chronicle the sin in letters of brass. But I should like to know on what possible pretext photographic establishments are permitted to ply for hire, as it were, through the long hours of the seventh day? These wretched temples of art are aggravating enough on a week-day. The case of samples, dreadful earnest of the horrors to be achieved within, is in itself a thing to appal the stoutest heart. There is the volunteer, in his stiff, new uniform, with columnar and tapestried background, whose appearance is almost sufficient to deter any young man of spirit from supporting the movement. There is the comic person in a fez cap, with a cigar in his paw, and "Par Excellence" on his gin-and-watery lips. There is the retired publican in dress coat and red velvet waistcoat, complete and perfect type of a gentleman of the period. There is the young woman in boots, showing far more calf than is necessary, and appearing about to execute a Tyrolean *pas* in a mountainous district. There is the bandit with latticed legs, the simpering divine in bands, the weak-legged cavalry officer, and other celebrities, most of whom bear so strong a family resemblance to the man at the door, himself a Beast of the first magnitude, that the effect is maddening. But on Sunday the infliction is more unbearable and unjust. Why, when the National Gallery is closed, are we compelled in our walks to pass through these detestable galleries, and endure the unaspirated adjurations of their greasy curators? There is nothing more unnecessary, more unsightly, or more irritating than the trade plied by these greasy animals in smoking-cap and velveteen jacket. *Here* is a chance for the police. Let the A and I seize and hang a photographer or two, and then grease his beard in peace.

I do not think worse of the noble defenders of our housemaids—I mean homesteads—our gallant and bearded sons of Henderson, than they deserve. I am aware that it is not fair to judge by cooks—that is to say, looks—alone; and a foolish creature with a truncheon in an area may be the glass and mould of chilvalry in the youthful *mêlée* or chase of the hound. It is not because P 321 fails, as a rule, to hit off the right scent, pitches generally on the wrong person, is feeble at the inductive process, and persistent in his endeavours to make facts adapt their unwilling selves to his theories, that I should condemn him utterly. But this I *will* say, that Detectives, take them as a fine body of men, without prejudice, and one with another, are the least acute body of unnecessary evils which ever wore plain clothes. What aggravates one even more than the universal failures of these moonrakers, is the serious and grave air of superior, almost superhuman, wisdom which they affect. It has always been an idea of mine that the members of this force were selected for the supposed acuteness of their physiognomy. Nearly all the detectives I have seen *look* really cunning fellows. The first individual of the species I came across was in a great city in the west of England, some years ago, and I thought when I went to consult him that the race was won. He broke down in the preliminary canter, a spectacle for gods and men. I have subsequently interviewed several officers, active and retired, reputed the most eminent of their craft, and always found them astuteness without and imbecility within. For hanging about an area, or instituting inquiries at a publichouse, a detective is admirable. Let any one who believes he has found a Bucket enter him at higher game, and mark the result. Like most eminent men in other learned professions, notably lawyers and doctors, detectives *follow the patient's lead.* Ask them to originate, and they are wet rag. If I ever commit a great crime, all I trust is that the detectives may at once be "placed on my track." I should lay down my erring head, as near Scotland Yard as possible, in peace. The following dialogue, which is a novelty from Paris, shows what is thought of the force over the water. "Quoi de nouveau?"—"Je ne sais rein."—"Vous êtes donc de la police?"

In spite of the development within the last few years of the system of Female Employment, by the extension of which ladies now print our books, send our telegraphic messages, copy our deeds (legal), and will in due course shampoo our heads on the Oxford system, the dear creatures ask, like female Twists, for more. Believing, as I do, that they would fill our wigs with a better grace, bleed us more pleasantly, and preach to us quite as movingly as our present members of the learned professions, I should welcome the liberal revolution which threw open those and all other channels of preferment to the *beau sexe.* But *en attendant* there is, it seems, still a demand for the services of ladies in their own sphere. "Young ladies," I read in the *Telegraph* of Monday last, "may earn a little pocket-money if they can tat." This cheering news will doubtless be welcomed by all who possess the useful accomplishment in question. I have not personally the art; but I think, had I to learn it, that I should place myself under a postman in good practice. But it is probable that those who are so well qualified to give tit for tat will find no difficulty in exchanging tat for tit.

CHARADE.

My thought's like a tree,
Long and lanky to see,
Of its ramifications bereft;
Or like its poor head,
Lying prostrate and dead,
Which is all that the woodman has left.

My thought is again,
Like a body of men,
Who their suffrages give at elections;
Or like a long staff,
Sixteen foot and a half—
See "long measure" for further directions.

Or my thought's like a star,
Scarce seen from afar,
Its position's so very remote;
Or like a machine,
You may often have seen,
For propelling a punt or a boat.

When my thought I like best
Is when tastefully drest,
I revel and caper about it;
Or when, like a barber,
Strange wishes I harbour,
Of cutting off neatly without it.

When frolicking gay,
O'er the meadows away,
I spring with, and firmly cling to it;
I'm gratified too,
Sometimes in the Zoo-
Ological Gardens to view it.

Where I like it sometimes
Is in very cold climes,
Where obliquely Sol's radii fall;
Or where proud Russia claims,
With her ambitious aims,
The weak and the free to enthrall.

How I like it is thus:
Joined on to a puss,
With a thorough-bred terrier to bait it.
Now if me you can't guess,
I fain must confess
That you're very obtuse and dull-pated.

Answers to Charade.—Correct:—Pimlico Tom Cat, Chota Dussera.

THE GRUMBLER.

GROWLING again! Yes, and so would you growl if you had to walk home through half a mile of London streets in wet weather.—Cross! Yes, and so would you be cross if you'd to cross over fifty crossings distinguishable alone from the other parts of the streets by the mud being only over your ankles, not up to your knees.—Wet feet and colds the consequence? Of course, they are the consequence, besides always after a shower of rain, reaching one's home in a state less resembling a human being than a pointer dog after a pelting day among the turnips, or a retriever who's been seeking wild duck mid mud and sedge, to mention nothing of Mrs. Growler's natural indignation (to call it by the mildest term) at having her stair carpets spoilt.—Dirt and filth detrimental to the minds and habits of people? Why, naturally they are.—Those who can afford to ride in carriages and cabs don't mind it? Why, certainly not. Why should they? They can afford to have another change of boots whether they require them or not, nor doth it follow they think of the state of the streets or the state of the poor. The latter havn't carriages or cabs, and can't change their boots.—State of the streets long been a disgrace to the finest metropolis in the world? Of course it has, but don't talk of *finest* metropolis. *Filthiest* you mean. Of course, 'tis a disgrace.—How to be remedied? Why, by setting all the unemployed hundreds to work, who would be only too glad of the chance. Give 'em a good meat supper or a penny dinner even, and I'll guarantee ere midday to-morrow the streets of London would be tolerable, at all events.—Too much traffic in them! Is there? Then let 'em be cleaned at night. Give every poor fellow desirous of a meal, and applying for one, a broom. Set him to work, turn on the water plugs, and by six in the morning every street might be made as sweet and clean as the Boulevards in Paris.—Parishes say they can't afford it? Do they? Ratepayers, vestrymen and churchwardens, poor-law guardians, &c. All bosh and rubbish!—Well, what would I do? Why, do away altogether with the whole lot.—How? why, simply enough. Let the Home Secretary just go to Wyld's, at Charing-cross, buy a half-crown map of London, putting down its cost to petty cash in the estimates (for, of course, the country would have no right to allow a Liberal Minister to be out of pocket to that amount), take the map to the Home Office, send over to the Hydrographic ditto at the Admiralty, and borrow a pair of compasses. Then stick one point right into the tuft of the lion's tail at Northumberland House, and spreading out the other leg till it touched the last connected gas light on the outskirts of town, describe a circle with red ink, and then, upon the equatorial twelfth-cake principle, divide the circumference from the centre into twenty-four equal parts. Call 'em parishes, districts, or anything you like, and on the twelfth-cake principle each portion will contain currants, plums, and peel. Let the currants and plums select by vote a lemon, orange, or citron peel, as they please, and being elected and called, for sake of argument or illustration, alderman, let him be forced to attend once a week at the Mansion House, there to meet'all the other lemon peels or aldermen, and from among themselves let 'em elect a chairman or lord mayor to be also a civic minister, with a seat in the House (if he can manage to get it), there to be answerable and responsible for the proper management and wellbeing of the entirety of the metropolis.—A long tirade, and its all very well in theory? I know it is a long tirade, but it is not all very well; but it would and should be all very well if it were practice and not theory—at any rate, all very much better than it is now, and we should have less humbug, less ignorance, perhaps some education.—What do I mean by some education? Why, more, at any rate, than we have at present. Was there ever in the history of the world a greater, prouder, or more ignorant (I speak generally) people than ourselves? Great in our conquests, we are always wanting to civilise the countries we acquire. Proud of our conquests, it is doubtful if ever we do anything to improve the people we have conquered, and we never do anything for the brave fellows who conquered. And again, so ignorant that we are too proud to learn anything from our neighbours, who, most of them, think us much less civilised than themselves. Yes, statistically more uneducated than several powerful states at the present day. We select Ministers to govern us who go about preaching what we *should* be, but who never by any chance attempt to have us taught anything but their own rule-of-three sum.—What is that? Why, as their salaries are to one quarter's taxes, so should one year's taxes be paid in advance.—Don't understand it? No, of course you don't; nor does anyone else, only it is so. Why, the Birmingham Educational Society report that out of 26,000 children in and about that town, 12,000 are totally ignorant and untaught—a nice state of things for a great country like England to boast of. Fye! What must Prince Kung or the Emperor of China's sister-in-law think of us?—No worse than our neighbours? Ain't we? Well, I don't know that; but, unfortunately, I fear we are. But whether we are or not, I don't see it makes the matter better. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing?" Yes, I rather think it is a dangerous thing, and if the country don't get a little more than it has at present, who knows but that we may yet prove it to be so—and that sooner, perhaps, than we calculate upon?—What would I do? Why, not have Ministers who are always *talking* to the people of their welfare, while denying them every rational pleasure or amusement—sending them to their beds before they are tired, denying them a social glass or game of skittles, and yet never trying to teach them to read or to write.—What do I think of policemen going into well-conducted houses and ordering quiet persons to quit in the twinkling of a bull's-eye? Why, it is all bad—petty social tyranny—and the sooner it is altered the better. Nor would I have policemen who outrage and defraud poor, defenceless women in the streets under threat of giving them into charge for robbery—and, when accused, pleading their youth in extenuation, or rather in mitigation, of their foul crime.—How can we avoid having black sheep in a flock? Why, by taking care only to have white ones. Have no one in the police-force except those who come recommended with undeniable good characters, and who might be selected from the meritorious and deserving of discharged or time-served soldiery—the same as they do in France.—What has that to do with Ministers? Nothing! But this has:—

It's all very well to preach,
And it's all very well to pray,
But the first of all's to teach
And to point out the right way.

It's very nice to govern,
And all very well to rule,
To the wrongful to be stern,
The ignorant to send to school.

But if you are in High Place,
And don't do *this*—which is right,
There is something Lowe, I trace,
And Brummagem gilt and Bright.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

AT last the publication of the entries for the Spring Handicaps gives us notice to arm for the fray, and permits us to form an approximate idea as to whether the coming season will compare favourably or not with that which has just passed away. Mr. Topham, first in the field as usual, informs us that the entries for the Liverpool Steeplechase number 88, against 109 last year; for the Chester Cup, 123—the same number as last year, deducting the three subscriptions which became void by the death of Mr. A. Heathcote. In the Liverpool, I notice that the first four last year are again in the list, as well as Pearl Diver, Fan, Q.C., Tathwell, Despatch, The Lamb, Tusculanum, The Doctor, Moose, Lymington, The Nun, Scipio, Brick, and Globule of the old stagers; while the beginners are somewhat meagrely represented by Dalby, King's Cross, David Copperfield, &c. It will be seen that the entry thus comprises three previous winners of the great steeplechase—Alcibiade '65, The Lamb '68, and Colonel '69. For the Chester Cup all last year's runners are again nominated, except King's Cross and Curio (whose room is better than their company), and amongst the three-year-olds appear Macgregor and Exciseman "the Derby horses," Queen of Hearts, Recorder, Captivator, High Church, and Mont Blanc. Morna, Starter, See Saw, Sylva, Westminster, Chérie, Lumley, Siderolite, Lictor, Lord Hawthorn, John Davis, and Formosa, are the names that catch one's eye on running through the list of the elder brethren; and these, added to those whom I have alluded to in connection with last year's race, will make a very respectable show amongst the heavy-weighted division. The Newmarket Handicap has 69 subscribers, instead of 60 as last year, including Pero Gomez, Chérie, Vestminster, Blue Skin, and Géant des Batailles; the Northamptonshire Stakes is 81 against 80, and has among the entries the names of Romping Girl, Sylva, Royal Head, Kennington, Siderolite, Birdseeker, Morna, Cecil, Starter, Chérie, Blueskin, Ploughboy, Martyrdom, Acaster, Cock of the Walk, Paul Jones, and Chawbacon. For the City and Suburban there are 140, and for the Metropolitan 85, against 107 and 47 entries last year, so that the prospects of running the races over "The New Course" last year undoubtedly had a dete rent effect on a large body of owners, no matter what the fuglemen of the Epsom management say to the contrary. The entry for the City and Suburban is a remarkably good one, and comprises some really first-class horses, but, as until the weights and acceptances appear, there will be very little speculation on this or any other of these handicaps, I may as well defer further remarks on them till that period. The following is a comparative table of entries for the last six years:—

	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870
Grand National ...	103	92	104	107	109	88
City and Suburban ...	170	126	113	141	107	140
Great Metropolitan ...	94	77	82	94	47	85
Northamptonshire ...	97	80	83	95	80	81
Newmarket Handicap...	67	46	60	69	60	69
Chester Cup	164	155	150	138	126	123
	695	576	592	644	529	586

It will thus be seen that there is an increase of 57 in the entries this year over those of last season, thanks to the settlement of the Derby difficulty, as there are 71 more entries for the two Epsom Handicaps than there were last year, so that in the other events there is a falling off of 14. 1868 showed an advantage of 58 over this year's events, and the only occasion when the entries fell below this year's number was in 1866, when ten fewer made the total of the six great handicaps. Still, the falling off is very slight in point of numbers, and as far as quality is concerned, I think that this year will be found to bear favourable comparison with its predecessors. Can I hope to be able in time to furnish my readers with the winners of most of them? *Je ferai tout mon possible.*

Cymbal, who has changed hands more than once since he was sold at Mr. Chaplin's auction last spring, and is now, I believe, the property of an eminent ex-financier, stands next in order of favouritism to Normanby, and is considered by many to be the best outsider in the Derby. He is a chesnut colt by Kettledrum—Nelly Hill, and decidedly the most promising of that young sire's stock that we have as yet seen. He commenced his career so early as the Lincoln Spring Meeting, where he was a great pot for, and the winner of, one of those detestable selling races which are now happily abolished. However, as Lady Kew and Percy were second and third, and the remainder of his opponents the worst of platers, this was no great criterion of his merits. The same remark also applies to his next appearance, also a selling race, in the Sulby Nursery at Northampton, which he won easily from Wedding Chimes, who was only receiving her sex allowance, and five other bad ones. A few days after this he was sold at Tattersall's to Lord Westmorland, for whom he won the Two-year-old Plate at Lewes; and here again none of his opponents were above fourth class. His fourth appearance, though an unsuccessful one, was perhaps the most creditable to him of them all, as at 23 lbs. for the year he was only beaten a head by Perfume for the Heathcote Plate at Epsom, while speedy animals like Prince Imperial, Salliet, and Hereford were a long way in the rear. At the Nottingham Summer Meeting, where he first ran in the name of Mr. J. J. Ellis, he won the Robin Hood Stakes from Bourgogne, a filly in Tom Jennings' stable, who was his solitary opponent. At Lewes he made a bid for the County Cup, for which Vespasian, who was giving him

44 lbs. for the year, was such a favourite; while Queen of Hearts, who was then in the zenith of her glory, and Cymbal, were the next in the betting. He succeeded in beating old Vespasian, but could only get within half-a-length of the speedy Queen of Hearts. Still, he may claim no little consideration for this performance, as in addition to beating Vespasian (a wee bit out of his course, it is true) at about the same difference of weight as he had cut down Midsummer and President Lincoln at Goodwood the previous week, animals like Green Riband, Kennington, Stockhausen, Lumley, and Stephanotis could not get within hail of him. The truth of the Lewes running was confirmed the following week at Windsor, where, in the Berkshire Cup, he again finished a good second to Queen of Hearts, with Pâté third, and Hester and Skipper among the runners up. In the Steward's Nursery on the same day he gave a stone and a head beating to Soucar (who also was formerly in Bloss's stable), at that time in very good form; 19 lbs. to Filou, who had won two races at Egham earlier in the week; and 28 lbs. to Siege Train, winner of the Nursery the day before. As Siege Train by a neck stalled off Hester in her attempt to give her 22 lbs., Cymbal must be much better than Hester, independently of the race for the Berkshire Cup, if we could place any reliance on the latter's running previous to York; but as I am very sceptical of her having been "ready," up till the meeting on the Knavesmire, I will leave her out of my calculations in respect to Cymbal's chance, for otherwise I should assuredly have to award him my unqualified support for the Derby. This was Cymbal's last appearance as a two-year-old, and it will be seen that out of his eight races he won five, while for the other three he finished second to perhaps the two speediest fillies in training, at the same time beating a lot of good horses. Whether he will win the Derby is another matter altogether, but as he is well put together, compact, and sound as a bell, his chance is undeniably greater than that of many who at present are preferred before him. I should, however, like to be satisfied as to his staying powers before I entrusted him with an investment. Cymbal is engaged in the Leger, but not in the Two Thousand.

Macgregor, by Macaroni out of Necklace, and consequently half-brother to Mars, is Mr. Merry's third string, who has not as yet deigned to give us a taste of his quality, although he was brought to Newmarket previous to the Middle Park Plate, in which he was engaged, and remained there over the Criterion, in the entries for which race his name also appeared. I cannot say further about him than that he has been backed for a very great stake of money for the Derby, apparently by parties connected with the stable. Apart, however, from the improbability of Mr. Merry having a greater than Sunshine in his stable, I cannot think that had he been half a Derby horse his owner would have withdrawn him from a race like the Blenkiron prize, where he would have met with Kingcraft and his stable companion, with a 10lb. pull in the weights, especially as he was on the spot, and as Mr. Merry rarely refuses to run his horses when they have anything like a chance. That he may be a good, useful horse I can quite believe, but in the presence of Sunshine—ay, and even of Sunlight—it would be madness to back him.

Coutts, like Macgregor, is a dark horse, and also in a stable which has a much better favourite than himself. He is by Dollar—Carlotta, and from the time that he came into Mat Dawson's hands he has been backed off and on for the Derby, the first bet taken about him being 40,000 to 600, when a yearling. It is said that previous to the last S.O. meeting he was tried and found wanting, and rumour has it that his wind is not as good as could be desired. Under these circumstances it is not astonishing that the support accorded to him of late has been very lukewarm.

The Baron, a b. c., by King Tom—Bay Celia, and consequently half-brother to the Duke, the Earl and Lady Cecilia, is Mr. Dawson's third representative. He was bought by John Day at Her Majesty's sale of yearlings for 1,350 gs., and was afterwards transferred to the Duke of Hamilton, at whose sale last year he was bought by Mr. Fox (whether for himself or for a third person I cannot say) for 1,500 gs. Like Coutts, he was backed as a yearling to win £40,000, and has since been supported to a large amount. Although he was engaged in the principal two-year-old races, he never ran, and many people got so far as to say that a dicky foreleg was the cause of his remaining in obscurity. It would be well to know something definite as to his merits and his present condition before backing him for the Derby, even at the tempting odds which can now be obtained.

Alaric, who is brother to Le Mandarin, the guide, philosopher, and friend of the mighty Gladiateur, is by Monarque out of Lionba, and consequently one of the champions of the great Anglo-French stable. Like one or two more in the same interest, he had the reputation of being something out of the common previous to his first bow being made to the public. This was in the July Stakes, where he had to encounter Sunshine, who had then only run once, in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom. I discussed the race so fully in analysing Sunshine's performances that little remains for me to add here. Though he could not lower Sunshine's colours, he got within a length of her, and beat Waif, Normanby, Golden Horn, and others an immense distance. It is very doubtful, too, if he was quite up to concert-pitch as far as condition was concerned. What little credit this performance may have gained him he lost, however, by his defeat a month later in the Findon Stakes at Goodwood, where he was unequal to the task of defeating Burgundy; and when this latter, in his turn, could not get in the first three for the Corporation Stakes at Brighton the week after, Alaric's chance for the Derby seemed entirely extinguished. Clever people, to use a phrase very much in vogue, however, continued to support him, and he was a third time pulled out for the Middle Park Plate, and backed for it at 20 to 1. He could get no nearer than fifth, finishing behind the Katherine Logie colt—or King of Scots, as I may now call him—and in front of Normanby, whom he had previously defeated in the July. He closed his two-year-old career by a fourth unsuccessful race for the Criterion. He and his stable companion, Roquefort, made the running at a good pace, but were both beaten at the site of the old Duke's Stand; and Alaric was, if my memory does not deceive me, no nearer than eighth. Whether he will improve on his two-year-old form is to my mind very problematical, and those who are expecting to find in him the long-promised successor to the Frenchman will be cruelly deceived.

RACING AND STEEPLE-CHASE FIXTURES.

JANUARY.

Hopgrove steeple-chases ..3	Carlisle steeple-chases ..26

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeple-ch..8, 9	Baschurch Steeple-chases..25
Derby Spring 15, 16	Newton Spring.....25, 26
Harrow Spring.....17, 18	

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring 1, 2	G. Military and Rugby H. 16, 17
Liverpool Spring ..8, 9, 10	Warwick Spring..22, 23, 24
Pontefract and West Riding 14, 15	Enfield 25
Cambridgeshire.....14, 15	Epsom Spring 29, 30
Co. Down Steeple-ch...15, 16	Bromley ... .31, 1
West Somerset Steeple Chases 16, 17	Cheltenham Steeple-chases 31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton 5, 6	Kingsbury 18, 19
Southdown Hunt 6	Kildare Hunt 19, 20
Thirsk Spring 7, 8	Hambledon 22
West Drayton Spring ..7, 8	Lewes Spring 26, 27
Aldershot Steeple-chases.7, 8	Croydon Spring 28, 29
Durham.....18, 19	Rothbory 28
Newmarket Craven..18—22	

MAY.

Newmarket First Spring.2–6	Baldoyle 17, 18
Chester.....10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring....19, 20
Winchester 10, 11	Harpenden 20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C.10, 11	Bath 24, 25
Salisbury 12, 13	Croydon First Summer ..26
Chelmsford 17, 18	Stamford 26, 27
York Spring 17, 18	Epsom Summer..31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye 7	Newcastle-on-Tyne21, 22, 23
Manchester.....8, 9, 10	Newton Summer..22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer ..23, 24
Ascot.....14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club 29
Windsor June 21, 22	Stockbridge 30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July.....5, 6	Reading 12, 13
Newmarket July ..5, 6, 7, 8	W. Drayton Summer..14, 15
Sutton Park Summer ..5, 6	Knutsford.....15, 16
Worcester 7, 8	Huntingdon 19, 20
Pontefract Summer ..11, 12	Kingsbury Summer ..21, 22
Nottingham July....12, 13	Goodwood....26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST

Brighton 2, 3	Bromley 16, 17
Tiverton 3, 4	Stockton 17, 18, 19
Brighton Club 4	Oxford 18, 19
Lewes 5, 6	York August 23, 24, 25
Egham 9, 10	Plymouth 25, 26
Wolverhampton 9, 10	Scarborough 29, 30
Windsor August ...11, 12	Derby Summer.....30, 31
Radcliffe 12, 13	Weymouth 30, 31
Lichfield 16, 17	

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick 6, 7	Hendon.....22, 23
Abingdon 8, 9	Western Meeting, Ayr 21, 22, 23
Doncaster Sept.13, 14, 15, 16	Newmarket First Oct.27—30
Hampton Autumn ..20, 21	Lanark 29, 30
Richmond.....20, 21	

OCTOBER.

Bedford 4, 5	Newmarket 2nd Oct..10—14
Leicester 6, 7	Cheltenham Autumn...18, 19
Bromley 6, 7	Newmarket Houghton..24, 29

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn 8, 9, 10, 11 | Shrewsbury 14, 15, 16, 17, 18

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4½) miles	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan) (2½ miles)...	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles).....	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles).....	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles).....	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅝ miles).....	Tues., Aug. 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., Aug. 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., Aug. 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles)	Thurs. Aug. 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yards)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yards)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs).....	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yards).	Tues., Oct. 25.

AMONG THE FERNS AND WITH THE FAWNS.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

(Continued from the number of January 8.)

"Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers;
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines."

"BREAKFAST, sir! Cook tells us that the bloaters will be ready to serve in two minutes. Pint bottle of Chablis, sir? Yes, sir!" Now, this is not a very unpleasant greeting or morning salutation as you saunter on that fine esplanade protected by its battering, bastion-like facade, with a fine occan view, and whilst counting the number of craft that have at last, after a long detention in the roads, weighed anchor and dipped their sails to catch the favouring gale, immediately in front of "The Royal" at Lowestoft, one of the finest, most comfortable, and best conducted marine hotels on the English coast. No man lives to be 40 years of age without meeting with some incident worthy to be cut on one of the tablets of memory. Aldermanic recollections would be found deep drowned in that bowl of green fat, or buried with that glorious haunch, cut, not from a heaver with its flesh hardened by artificial keep, but from a seven-year-old buck, which had battened on his native pastures, and cropped fine flavour from those hillocks which load the air with perfume from the wild thyme and other aromatic herbs. For myself, I shall never forget the first champagne breakfast. It was the morning after what is termed "an opening dinner," and there had been some deep carousing. Two bottles of wine, one Sauterne, the other Bucellas, was all that I consumed during a long and boisterous gathering; for the fox-hunting farmers mustered in force to support the host, in whose every vein flowed the sporting blood of the family; and as each favourite health was given, above the Babel of voices, I could distinguish the hearty, clear, and deliberate Hip! Hip! Hip! of that rare sportsman, Harry

Bolton. I was a guest, and my bedroom stove held a cheerful fire, for it was January; I had ridden 16 miles on my chestnut galloway, "Weston Lordship," as I called him, whilst the Bedford Times coach, brought my little wardrobe; so that my evening was not embittered by the contemplation of a dark, dirty, dreary, dangerous drive at midnight. Six roistering, rollicking Cantabs had also been invited by Charles to do honour to the banquet. Let me draw a veil over those hours between coffee and anchovy, and rest. How that flat-nosed, tun-bellied old rascal Silenus would have shook his fat sides, to have watched such promising pupils! "You will breakfast with us to-morrow," whispered Charles, as St. Paul's parish-church clock struck five; "half-past nine, punctual." When 14 years of age, I had occupied with my father the chamber in which I that night rested; it was a double-bedded room, on the highest flight, and looking from the end window down the Ouse for two straight miles. I awoke at nine; it was a fine crisp morning, and the meadows and the banks of the river were evidence that, "before his beams the hoar-frost melts." We mustered seven to breakfast, at ten o'clock; there was the boar's head with a lemon between his tusks; grills and devils in every variety; kidneys with their rashers, lemon and cayenne; Cambridge sausage-meat, in the skin, and in cakes; in short, there was all that could be desired by the hungry soul or by a "dainty chiel." There was neither coffee, biggin, nor teapot, but in the centre of the table seven bottles stood in battle array. The corks had been drawn, and replaced; and there was hardly a trace of foil on the neck. "How about a glass of pale ale just to cool the copper after last night's smoke? That is your bottle, and this is mine; when these seven bottles are legitimately and fairly emptied, the repast will be without restraint, and you may 'rise to gang awa'—but, old fellow, 'England expects'—you know the rest," said Charles. But the joke was that until I filled my tumbler I was green enough to believe that it *was* Allsop's India pale ale, instead of "fizz," of a choice brand and vintage.

An hour after this memorable meeting, as I was lolling on the handsome stone bridge which spans the Ouse, opposite the hotel, our "Vice" of the preceding evening, Dr. El——r, saluted me with "Good morning; how are you?" Having, by a rigid cross-examination, extracted from me our programme after he retired, he exclaimed, "Goodness gracious! let me look at your tongue! Why it's as clean as my greyhound's, and he is going to run this week for the Cup at Cardington; and your eye is as bright as that of a snake.—When do you return?"—"I am only waiting until my hackney is saddled, when I shall have a parting tumbler of 'pink' with Mr. Charles just to wish him success, also to serve as a stirrup-cup, to put me on good terms with myself, and to give me gentlemanly ideas as I canter the 16 miles, which will occupy an hour and a-half, including a chat with our old friend Barker, at the White Hart, at Shefford. But here comes the little chesnut, so good-bye!" As I turned away from the simple-hearted Dr. I heard him argue with himself thus, "I wish I had not filled in that copyhold property of mine, last week; I would most certainly have put that young man's life in; his cheek is as ruddy as a Catherine pear, the side that's next the sun, as the quaint old Suckling has it!" But this is simply the narration of an early incident, a digression, the result of a discursive style in writing, which I can neither conquer nor curb; and if I ride "my awkwart Muse" with Peham-bit or Chifney, "the tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie," "jacks up," or "jibs." This is not the breakfast to which I alluded in my last paper as a "social institution"! Pooh! pooh! I do not mean that breakfast ordered for 30 at the "Star and Garter," where the blushing bride holds her breath while "dear Harry" stammers out their mutual thanks, and laboured sentences drop at distant intervals from his quivering lips until *that* Charles who has been drinking "cham" with "all hands," as he politely terms the wedding guests, "drops him" with "D——n it, Harry, sit down; we know what you *mean*!" What I *do* mean is a breakfast in an old-fashioned English mansion, situated in one of the many sunny spots to be found in this land of ours, and where true nobility and natural politeness reign supreme, and where Beauty also holds her court. Now, my dear Man About Town, have you not a repository, wherein is locked up some sweet remembrance of a breakfast in such a household, and in which stronghold memory dwells without the hazard of diminution; a recollection which time will never efface "while reason holds a seat in this distracted globe?" "Am I right, or any other man?" Talk not to me of ifs and buts! It is sheer nonsense for you to say that you are at your age a "superannuated lover," and that the following lines were written for your particular case, and that Cupid is, or has been your deadly enemy:—

> "Dead to the soft delights of love,
> Spare me, O! spare me, cruel boy!
> Nor seek in vain that heart to move
> Which pants no more with amorous joy."

As well might you thus appeal, and with as little hope that your false prayers and complainings would be heard:—

> "Now, mighty God! dismiss thy slave,
> To feeble age let youth succeed;
> Recruit among the strong and brave,
> And kindly spare an invalid."

I tell you candidly I *must* have a contrast to our primitive breakfast "Among the Ferns," and if I violate friendship, I *will* lay bare your secret!

The Social Institution. — Many summers, and many swallows too, have flown away since, on our ever memorable July morn, after a drive of six miles from the ancient city, I found myself at the entrance lodge, leading by a carriage drive through a perfect Gothic archway formed by over-hanging times, carefully and annually trimmed, to a mansion overlooking all its many home beauties, bold mountain summits having their base at the very foot of the mansion domain, and the distant landscape terminated by an extensive hilly range. There was an air of comfort and respectability in the mob cap worn by the aged pensioner who opened the gate, and good, honest civility, altogether separated from servility, or that "laigh curtesie." My visit was not unexpected, but it was early, for the family were in the midst of breakfast (time 8.40), and I told the footman not to interrupt the meal. But nature's gentleman broke through all etiquette, and in the conservatory, lovely retreat, the kind-hearted man found me out.

I had long breakfasted, and simply wanted to know when it was likely we should finish our perambulation of the Manor Estate, so that I might arrange with my driver. Hospitality would not listen to any one of my pleas, but ordered up his strongest battery—at least, she carried too many guns for me. Mamma gave no quarter, and when, with some feeling of degradation, I assured her that the shepherd's plaid suit in which I stood was my only outward apparel, she laughed outright, declaring that "even in this hole in the corner and in the west of England, said to be far removed from civilisation, they did not measure men by their apparel. There would be only her brother, the colonel, and her brother-in-law, the major, and their wives, her own three daughters; and possibly her son, who had just gained his epaulette, and whose vessel had arrived at Portsmouth, *might* join them at breakfast to-morrow. The bachelor's room is always aired, and of course you dine with us at 7 this evening. You will, I know, be engaged all day, but you will drop in at luncheon." But I must compress the narrative. The dinner table, the evening stroll through endless shrubbery walks, and the withdrawing room gossip had rubbed off all restraint. I was down betimes, had chosen a choice spray for the shepherd's plaid jacket, and was inhaling from the open meadows the mingled perfumes of the heliotrope, the rose, the honeysuckle, and the mignionette, whose charms surpass its beauty, when the door opened on its silent, rising hinge, and, reflected in one of the six pier-glasses, I saw enter the lady of the house. There was no rustling of silk, for she was attired in a white muslin dress, relieved here and there with a moss-rose bud. How genial and assuring was her salutation! She hoped I had passed a comfortable night, and presumed that I had no objection to join their circle in morning devotion. The daughters followed, as it seemed to me, according to their respective ages—22, 18, and 16 years, attired in Horrocks' best and neatest patterns. We pass over "the greeting fair that passed there;" for mamma interrupted us with, "The Colonel and the Major are terrible sluggards; surely they must have put in an appearance by this time; but, possibly, they are devouring their letters. Ah! here is William to announce breakfast." The household were all assembled in the dining-room to listen to the well-selected prayers and praises, and to the short but pungent exhortation, and I thought that I had never heard finer punctuation than was to be traced in the reading of the "guidman" of this well-regulated establishment. At this genuine, simple matin, I had as my close companion what you, Mr. Cedric, would, in shooting phrase, designate as No. 18. Her right hand rested upon the morocco-covered chair, whilst auburn ringlets partially covered her ivory fingers, whilst through the delicate embrasures, or fissures, could be seen the silken eyelash. There was something so sweetly sad in her sighing of the responses, that I could but turn my head as if to probe the heart. Good St. Anthony, I inwardly exclaimed, lend me your love-proof breastplate, or only a piece of that righteous armour, if only the size of the "Urim and Thummim," as a shield against those fatal darts! And now, raised from the hassock by the final blessing, we take our places at the social table. A wave of the hand from the smiling hostess placed me in the centre of the table, opposite the fruit épergne, to save me from the tax of carving; and O! ye powers! flanked right and left, by Nos. 18 and 22! And now for a description of the breakfast, the "social institution" in this truly English mansion.

There was broiled salmon, fresh from the Severn, fried grayling, trout *à la Genevoise*, and potted charr; a fine Westphalia ham, in prime cut, and a reindeer's (not *rain*deer's) tongue, both from Morell's in Piccadilly; boiled chickens, and a pâté the size and shape of a Stilton cheese, with a notice that the crust was eatable, and enclosing boned leverets and truffles. Then there was butter from the Alderney herd, rendered cool and firm by nuggets of ice; marmalade—and what is sweeter than honey in the comb? The épergne was crowned by a magnificent English grown pine, surrounded in the lower tiers by the luscious peach, the delicately flavoured nectarine, the cool gooseberry, the grateful currant, and those unequalled dentrifices, the "British queen," and "Sir Harry" strawberry. But space will not allow me to further chronicle this magnificently social gathering; not the "breaking of the day," but the breaking of the fast. . . . .

I tore myself away from the proffered extension of hospitality, which I hope never to forget, and returned to the old city, in the shades of evening.

I had intended to take the express train in the morning, for this little village of ours, but as I sauntered before breakfast round the cathedral precincts, I felt a strange desire to see its elaborate internal architecture, and to attend the morning service. It seemed in unison with my feelings; for, to tell the truth, my heart seemed divided between No. 18 and No. 22. The choral service was delightfully rendered, and the anthem I shall for ever dwell upon. It was, "He, watching over Israel, neither slumbers nor sleeps." The music was recondite in the extreme, and as a composition, it has been termed, "A heavenly inspiration, by Mendelsshon."

And here ends my reminiscence of that "social institution," a family breakfast, in a good, old-fashioned English country house, or mansion.

Indulgent reader, forgive a digression which has run clean away from the original subject, and has left my quotation dangling to the fore, like a text without a homily. Ten hungry souls await my presence in that roofless hall where nature has spread her green velvet carpet, whilst the fawns no longer dread the thunder of pursuit, but fearlessly frisk in sunny glens, or seek a shelter, in the sultry hours,

> "Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
> And with the beech a mutual shade combines."

(To be continued.)

The Man About Town.

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OF THE
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GAIETY.—WAT TYLER, M.P.

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